

Shut Your Dirty Mouth

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Shut Your Dirty Mouth

by [SlutForS8n](#)

Summary

"That jacket is genuinely so fucking ugly."

"Oh yeah? Well the dumb chains attached to your belt loops are worse."

"Not the type of chains you'd prefer to see me in, huh?"

OR

Dream is a Roadman, George is an outcast and they have rough sex in a supply cupboard

Notes

This is the longest fic I've ever written. It's 5k like, wtf? That's so cool.

Shout out to Blackberry, as always. Follow their tiktok[here](#)

This was originally written as a joke but then I just couldn't stop so enjoy this mess of me projecting and also being British as fuck.

I took dream, a very American man, and just made him a chav/roadman. Enjoy.

Translations for any Non-British people because I promised my American beta reader I would:

- Spliff - Joint/Blunt/Weed
- Chippy - Fish and Chip Shop
- Lynx - A Deodorant Brand (it's like Axe)
- Spaff - Gross and Crude Way To Say Cum
- Sixth Form - Sort of Like College?? Ig??

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George wished he hated him.

God did he wish he hated him. Because *fucking hell*, that would be so much easier than sitting in the stupid sixth form study area opposite him and his group of unbearable incel friends that George genuinely couldn't fucking stand while imagining all of the obscene things Dream could do to him.

He hated Dream's friends with every inch of his being, although nobody blamed him because about half of the group had spat slurs and thrown punches at him for the first two years of secondary school. That was, until they were threatened with being banned from the football fields at lunch which made them *finally* lay the fuck off.

What was it with these motherfuckers and football? Sweaty shinpads and ugly ass shorts while they kick a stupid ball around a field? Sounds like some of the dumbest shit to George. Although, watching Dream pull off his shirt and run a hand through his sweaty hair at the end of the match was enough incentive for him to spend his lunch period at the bottom of the field anyway.

But that was five years ago and now he was sitting there trying to inconspicuously stare at Dream over the top of his computer screen which held the first 200 words of his Government and Politics essay. It was due in fifteen hours, and he was probably gonna end up scrapping it because the entire time he was writing he had not, shockingly, been thinking about the importance of women's suffrage. Instead he'd been dreaming about what was under ugly Adidas sweatpants and disgustingly big puffer jackets.

So yeah, he was definitely not gonna finish this essay to an acceptable standard and Mrs. Hewins was gonna keep him after class and tell him that he needed to redo it or he was gonna be marked down. Which honestly really sucks because he was planning on going to Dream's football tournament with his younger brother, the smaller boy being used as an excuse to get away with being there every damn time (not that anyone ever bothered to question him, but just in case).

Dream could see him staring at him out of the corner of his eye, the brown irises tracing his body as he pre-rolled a spliff for lunch. He was planning on walking down to the chip shop with his mates, smoking and then eating a half portion on his way back to his classes.

Usually George would just smoke out by the gates, violently spray himself with Lynx, walk back to the study area, and eat an apple. Dream knew because he'd asked him once, smirking as the smaller boy's cheeks flushed and he stumbled over his words. It was sort of sweet, the way George's face had looked with splotches of pink on his skin paired with the quiet click of his tongue bar knocking against one of his lip piercings was oddly appealing. It left Dream thinking about his cheeks painted pink in other situations, the tongue piercing pushed up against sensitive skin in a way that he definitely shouldn't be thinking about in public.

It was interesting. The way the brunette looked at him was definitely not platonic and Dream was very okay with it. George was gay and he knew it, the pride pin attached to his stupidly endearing backpack was enough to tell him that. Plus the fact that George had definitely dated his friend Karl when they were sixteen just added confirmation.

"Maybe I am dating him, maybe I'm not! What's it to you?" George had spat at their group as Dream sat quietly at the back of the small crowd, just watching silently. He was too high for this shit.

"Come on Dream! Back us up here! Its fucking weird!" The boy who Dream genuinely didn't remember the name of laughed back to him, "It's unnatural!"

"Just lay off of him, dude," Dream muttered quietly as he watched George pull out a pack of cigarettes, "He gets enough shit as it is."

"What, you're like that too, then? Unnatural?"

That caught Dream's attention.

“The fuck did you just say to me?” He spat, the words harsh as he pushed himself off of the wall he was leant against, “You wanna fucking repeat that?”

The boy’s eyes widened and his head shook slightly.

“Yeah. I fucking thought so. Shut the fuck up.” They went quiet after that and the blonde couldn’t help but smile fondly at the small grin on George’s face, “Yo, Sap.”

“Yeah?” The brunette replied, snagging the spliff from between Dream’s lips as he just rolled his eyes, “What’s up?”

Sapnap was one of the only good friends Dream had. The rest of them were just... there. He said jump and they said ‘how high’, that was how it worked. But not Sapnap. He was the only person Dream would trust with his life and he knew the other man felt the same. Dream spent late nights locked up in Sapnap’s room when his parents’ arguing had gotten just a little too loud and a little too much about him for his liking with video games and weed. Those times spent blocking out the world by sharing way too many cans of Pringles had ended up with the pair closer than Dream had ever felt with anyone.

“Take these dickheads down the chippy and get me a half portion?” Dream asked, knowing that the younger boy would agree as Sapnap held out the spliff for the blonde to take with a laugh.

“We’re not allowed off the school grounds during the day,” the brunette snarked back with a smirk.

“You’re also not allowed to smoke weed on school grounds but here you are,” Dream laughed as he motioned towards the smoke spilling out the other boy’s lips as he grabbed the rollie and took a drag.

“You gonna pay me back?”

“You know I won’t,” The blonde smirked and Sapnap just shook his head with a small laugh.

“Yeah, I know.” He walked away towards the chip shop with the five other boys in tow, Dream just

waiting until they'd all left before looking over at George who was still smiling.

"You okay? I'm sorry about him, I promise it won't happen again."

George just laughed quietly and looked up from where he was kicking the displaced stones on the ground.

"What?" Dream was confused.

"It's okay. Just like year seven all over again."

And that made Dream wince.

"Was it that bad?" The taller boy asked quietly, preparing himself for the worst when the brunette pointedly looked back down at the floor before answering the question.

"Oh, far worse. At least I don't have any broken ribs this time," He shrugged with a smile and Dream's eyes widened.

"He did that to you?"

"Oh, not him. Some year eleven thought it'd make them feel more secure in their masculinity by beating the shit out of some sad gay eleven year old," he shugged nonchalantly, "He left the school after the end of that year to go to some below average college that only took him because they had to. But yeah, if that's what it took make him feel better about the fact that he was definitely secretly gay then I'll cope."

Dream just nodded quietly as he watched the brunette dig around in his blazer pockets with an unlit cigarette dangling between his lips before he let his head drop backwards and muttered out a small 'Fuck'.

"Lost your lighter?"

George nodded with a small laugh, "Remembered my mum took it last night because she was going out and she didn't give it back."

"Your mum knows you smoke?" Dream asked, his eyes slightly wide as George just smiled at him.

"Yeah. Dad's living overseas for 'business'," He chuckled as he shook his head, "Which is definitely code for occasional business and lots of cheating on my mother while he pumps a lot of money back to us. She just told me that weed and fags were better than the shit she was doing so it's whatever."

Dream decided not to push for more info on that one in fear of making George uncomfortable, instead deciding to offer up his own lighter for George to use, "You want some help?"

George hummed and pushed his face towards the taller boy, the cigarette still resting between his lips and he invited Dream to light it for him.

He did.

"Cheers," he muttered after he took a drag, letting the smoke trickle out between chapped lips

"Yea, of course."

Dream wanted to ask him about something and George could tell, just laughing as he rolled his eyes and blew out smoke, "Just ask whatever it is you wanna ask. You're stressing me out dude."

"So like, are you and Karl a thing?" Dream questioned, taking another drag from his spliff as he waited for George's answer.

"Why, you interested?" He asked with a raised eyebrow, Smiling as he watched Dream's face flush, "No, we're not. We were, but we decided we're better as friends, plus he gave shit head."

George laughed as Dream spluttered out a gasp, "Oh my god."

The brunette smiled around the cigarette in his mouth before pulling away and letting the smoke fall from between his lips, "Tell him that and I'll lace the shit you buy off Jordan with fuckin rat poison or some shit."

Dream just laughed and nodded as smoked the last of his spliff, throwing the filter to the ground before stepping it out and looking back at George and giving him his lighter.

"What's this for?"

"To light your fags, obviously," Dream shrugged and the brunette's eyes flicked down to where he was rotating it between his fingers.

"This is a fancy ass lighter. I don't wanna take it if it's important."

It was nice, a heavyish metal box with two doves engraved into the front. It had a meaning behind it but Dream couldn't quite remember what it was.

"It's not. Keep it. It's got a nice ass refill cartridge too."

It was a gift from some ex girlfriend that he probably hadn't liked all that much who's lipstick was too waxy and nails were too long so yes, George could definitely take it.

"Mmm. Thanks," their eyes met and Dream felt weird, "For the lighter and for telling that guy to lay off me, too."

"Of course, man. Don't worry about it."

He'd taken George's phone number and the brunette hadn't worried about it, but Dream certainly had.

Late nights spent in his bed, his loud thoughts drowning out the screaming from his parents downstairs as he let himself indulge in thoughts of the brunette. Dream had wondered what it was like to kiss a dude before, had wondered if it would be the same as when he'd kissed his ex's, all soft lips and cherry flavoured gloss. But now he was thinking about kissing George, pale skin and

brown eyes matched with pink lips and the faint taste of smoke.

He'd brought it up to Sapnap after it had happened, knowing that the younger wouldn't judge him on the matter.

"I think I wanna kiss a boy," he'd muttered as he stared up at the ceiling of the room, watching the smoke swirl above their heads in a pattern that made the blond smile softly.

"Okay," Sapnap replied with raised eyebrows, "I could kiss you if you want."

"Aren't you into girls?" Dream questioned as he rolled onto his side to look at the shorter boy who glanced back with a spliff hanging from between his lips.

"Aren't you?" He smirked, laughing when Dream nodded in defeat with a small 'touche' falling amidst the blonde's chuckles, "Yeah, I'm confident I'm straight but if it'll help you sort some shit out I'll kiss you."

So Dream did.

He sat up slowly, crossing his legs as he gently pulled the spliff from between Sapnap's lips and took a deep breath, "Ready?"

"As I'll ever be."

Dream dropped the rollie into the ashtray that sat on the brunette's laptop, placed his hand softly onto the other's cheek before Sapnap just snorted quietly.

"What?"

"You're so tense, dude. Relax. It's just me."

Dream nodded and let his shoulders drop, the hand on the side of Sapnap's face slowly dragging a thumb across his cheekbone before leaning in.

It wasn't mind altering and it didn't shake him to his core, it was just... nice.

The way Sapnap's chin was slightly scratchy from where his stubble was trying to grow in and his lips were rough from his constant picking at them. It wasn't amazing but it was better than he'd expected.

He felt the brunette's tongue slide over his bottom lip and he opened his mouth slightly to let it in, leaning into the kiss more as he felt Sapnap's hand rest in his hair.

He tasted like weed and salt and vinegar pringles and tangerine, and it was strangely comforting, a reminder that this was just Sapnap and he could calm down.

The kiss didn't last more than twenty seconds before the pair were pulling away, staring at each other for a moment before they cracked, wheezed laughter escaping from spitslicked lips as they fell back and struggled to catch their breath, the giggles making them both light headed.

"So how was it?" Sapnap asked after they'd calmed down, small smiles all that were left of the violent fits of laughter they'd erupted into only minutes ago, "Live up to your expectations?"

"Yeah, just kinda weird that it was you," he mumbled, which only set the other boy off into another fit of wheezing.

And he and Sapnap had left it at that, not pretending that it'd never happened but both knew that it wasn't something to be joked about. Sapnap made fun of the blonde for a lot of things but trying to figure himself out wasn't one of them.

But now, aged 18 and semi-certain in himself and his bisexuality, Dream could let himself sit here and be ogled freely by George, wallowing in the heat of his gaze as he ran his tongue across the edge of the rizla and allowing his eyes to flick up to meet the older boy's as he did.

Dream muttered something to the guys that were with him about meeting him by the English block and watched them leave before he shoved the pre-rolled spliff into his pocket and wandered over to George, their eyes still locked as he sat himself backwards on the chair next to the shorter boy, Dream's arms rested on the backrest as he leant his front against it.

Dream went to say something but before he could get a word in, George was laughing quietly.

"What?"

Dream hadn't done anything particularly funny so the fact that George was chuckling to himself puzzled the blonde slightly.

"That jacket is genuinely so fucking ugly."

Dream was taken aback. He raised his eyebrows slightly in shock as he looked the older boy up and down, "Oh yeah?" George nodded, a large smirk on his face, "Well the dumb chains attached to your belt loops are ugly."

"Mmm," the brunette hummed as he caught Dream's eyes with his own once again, "Not the type of chains you'd prefer to see me in, huh?"

Dream's face flushed significantly as George just laughed at him. He was always one to make jokes or comments like that, incredibly dirty and wildly out of pocket and yet, somehow, incredibly endearing. "You can't just say shit like that, George."

"Why not?" The brunette asked, faux innocence pasted onto his features in an attempt to reel Dream back in, and it was definitely working, "Because it's true? I know damn well how you look at me and you know how I look back. We talk in class and the texts we send are anything but friendly. You know that I want you. Just give in, blondie."

Dream heaved a breath as his gaze flicked down to where he was picking at his fingers and George just rolled his eyes, "Oh, come on Dream. You know it is. You wanna see me all chained up for you, so *pretty* and *vulnerable*."

"Holy shit, George, how do you just say shit like that," it was meant to come off accusing but the words escaped breathlessly, pitching up at the end of the sentence, "You don't even know if I'm into you."

"Sapnap has a big mouth," the brunette smiled as he moved to let his finger run from Dream's elbow all the way down until he reached the tip of his middle finger.

“*Fucking Sapnap,*” Dream rolled his eyes and watched as George continued looking at his hands with something that Dream couldn’t quite place. George looked sinful. The sun was shining in through the large windows that layered the walls of the study area, painting his pale skin a gorgeous gold, “You like my hands?”

“Want them in me,” was all George replied with, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth as their eyes met again and the brunette looked fucking desperate.

Dream couldn’t fucking breathe. That was the first directly sexual comment George had ever made towards him, one that was serious and pleading and full of need.

“Okay, fuck, we’re finding a closet right now, I cannot fucking deal with this,” Dream huffed as he dragged George up from his chair by the hand, barely giving him time to grab his bag before he was pulling him from the study area and to the Humanities block. It was usually the most barren at this time as most classes had other subjects. The taller boy pulled George into a supply closet tucked in the corner. It wasn’t huge but it was enough and that was all the pair needed.

George was immediately pushed up against a stack of shelves, Dream’s lips on his neck with bruising force as he began to suck marks into the skin, “So fucking desperate,” he muttered as he pulled away for a moment, “Mine.”

“Yeah, fuck, yeah please,” George whispered as he shoved his hands into the blonde hair, “*God,* hurry up please. Lube in the front pocket of my bag. Fingers, please.”

“Why the fuck do you have lube in your bag,” Dream huffed a chuckle as he moved to dig through the bag that had been abandoned onto the floor.

“You never know,” he breathed as he stayed leaning up against the wooden shelving unit, and clearly, he was right.

The few moments that they were apart George gave himself permission to think. He’d wanted this, wanted *Dream*, for so fucking long and he was finally getting it. The blonde was gonna give him what he craved and it was more than he could hope for. They spoke in classes, in English lit, and spent free periods in the study area staring at each other with untamed want and honestly? George was surprised it had taken them this long. The brunette’s crude and suggestive ‘jokes’ immortalised in messages on the pair’s phones that Dream couldn’t help but reply too with exactly the same energy were what had really set this whole thing off. The amount of times George had sent the

blonde absurdly accurate jokes about the size of Dream's dick was honestly incomprehensible.

But then large hands were back on George's waist and his mind went blank.

Dream had shoved off the puffer jacket he was wearing and moved George so that he was bent over a set of shelves, essentially sandwiched between the wood before he began to slowly tug down the baggy jeans, feeling his breath catch in his throat at the sound of the chains clinking against the floor, his boxers falling in tow.

Dream slicked up three fingers with the small, travel sized bottle of lube before throwing it to the side and running one finger across George's hole softly.

"You're so hot, George," The blonde muttered, "You got no idea how many times I wanked to the thought of you like this."

It was disgustingly grammatically inaccurate, especially as someone who was studying for an A-level in English literature, but for some reason it made the shorter boy whine. The thought of Dream, big, strong, will-stab-you-if-you-look-at-him-wrong Dream, led in his bed, eyelids drooping as his head fell back and he moaned loudly, spilling into his hand with cries for George on his lips made him feel so fucking needy.

"I bet you got off on the thought too," the younger boy smirked, still circling George's hole with lubed up fingers, "Fucked yourself on your fingers just thinking about how good I could fuck you."

And George wanted to mention the fact that he, actually, fucked himself on a toy, and not a small one either, but before he could get the words out, Dream pushed a finger into him and any chance he thought he had with replying died in his tongue and he let a whine rip through him.

"You're so loud, baby. Gonna need to stay quiet while I fuck you real good, make you my bitch," the blonde growled as he started to move his finger, thrusting it in and out and beginning to curl in slowly in search for George's spot.

It was *good*. Good enough that George had to literally bite his wrist to stop himself from letting out excessively loud moans. Dream may have been kind of a dickhead with really shitty friends, but *fuck*, he knew how to use his fingers.

The taller boy pushed in a second finger next to the first, scissoring him open to fit the third finger that eventually joined, George's sharp and desperate whimpers escaping past his teeth and it was so fucking hot. The brunette was blissed out, his eyes wide as he begged for the blonde to just hurry up and fuck him because he ached for the stretch, ached for the feeling of tears forming in his eyes and his bottom lip to quiver while he let out sobs of pleasure. He needed Dream to make him feel good.

And so, he did.

He pulled out his fingers, wiping the lube off of his fingers and onto George's back and if he could comprehend what the blonde had just done, George would have made a noise in protest.

Fortunately for Dream, George was far too busy trying not to start crying because he needed to be full, needed Dream's cock so fucking bad. It was stupid, the way that George was leant there, body pressed against the wood and his eyes rolled back as he felt the head of Dream's lubed up cock press against his hole gently.

He was drooling as he let his head drop down, cheek pressed to the wood as he lost himself in the way Dream started to slowly push in.

George hadn't seen Dream's cock, the position they were in making it impossible, but now he could feel it and it was fucking *huge*.

The stretch was so *wide*, and George couldn't breathe, his throat sore from trying to hold back whines but he was slowly getting louder, to the point where Dream brought his fingers round to George's face and pushed two in, immediately shoving them to the back of the brunette's throat and moaning as he heard him choke. He could feel the older boy's saliva coating his knuckles as he finally bottomed out, the way the brunette was gagging making him struggle not to just immediately start thrusting harshly into the man.

"Take me so well," Dream breathed, eyes falling shut for a few seconds before they peeled open to look at George. His back was arching and his thighs were twitching violently in his hands, "My pretty bitch."

George found the nickname so fucking hot. It was disrespectful, degrading and demeaning but it made him feel dirty and wanted.

“Just fuck me, *please!*” the brunette slurred as Dream pulled his fingers from between his lips for a moment, letting the drool spill out and onto the wooden shelf he was leant against, “I need it so bad.”

So Dream complied, pulling back slowly before pushing in hard, fast and unrelenting, continuing the pace as George began to scream around the digits he was gagging on.

It was *good* and George was so fucking *tight*. He could feel the way George tightened around him while he thrusted himself deeper and could hear the way the shelving unit creaked with the powerful thrusts as George choked on his fingers again.

Faintly in the background Dream could hear George’s wet, nonsensical babbling around the fingers, confessions of how fucking good he felt and how much he wanted it were spilled into the small dark closet.

“Dream, *fuck,*” He whimpered out, “So deep, want more.”

Dream pulled his hand away from George’s face, the brunette whimpering at the loss of the weight on his tongue, and grasped roughly at the brunette’s hips, fingers gripping so tight with the sole intent of leaving marks and using the leverage to get deeper into him, “You like how I fuck you, huh?” Dream laughed breathily, squeezing his pale hips tighter, “Like my dick, baby?”

“Fuckin’ love it,” George sobbed as his eyes began to water, eyes rolling back as he arched his back and pushed himself harder down onto the blonde’s cock, “Love your cock so much ‘n’ it fills me up so fucking *good!*”

“You my slut?” Dream asked and it sounded like fucking honey on the other boy’s ears. George had heard it enough in the mounds of porn he’d gone through as a distressingly hypersexual teenager but the way it spilled from Dream’s lips, smug and sure of himself, was fucking addicting.

“Yeah, *fuck yeah.*”

“Say it,” Dream spat, “Tell me you’re my slut.”

George whined loudly as drool spilled from his permanently dropped jaw onto the wooden shelf, his cheek pressed up against the rough wood as he tried to regain some form of sanity to respond.

“M your slut, Dream. Fuck, so good, stretch me so good, fill me up,” He pleaded, way to loud for their current placement and anyone walking past outside would definitely hear them but neither of them cared, feeling too good and far too close to stop now.

“Want me to fuck you full?” Dream heaved as he felt his stomach tense, “Fill you with my cum, baby?”

George cried in aproval as his hips twitched almost painfully, “Fill me up, please. Wanna be full of you, want you to make my fucking stomach swell with your cum, be your pretty cumslut.”

And that was it for Dream, his hips stuttering at the words as he thrust in one last time, as deep as he could, and painted George’s insides white.

The feeling of being full, being full of *Dream*, was enough to make the shorter boy cum untouched, his hips jolting in midair as he tightened around the blonde and dug his fingernails into the rough surface of the shelf.

It took them a few moments to catch their breaths, George whimpering at the overstimulation he felt at Dream pulled out, his hole sensitive from the rough treatment.

The brunette flushed as he felt Dream’s eyes on him, the blonde watching as his cum slid slowly down his thighs in a way that made this all seem so much hotter, making George feel like a toy who had just been thoroughly used and abused. But he fucking loved it, loved the way he felt the dull ache at the bottom of his spine and the way his thighs shook with the effort of trying to keep himself stood up. It was otherworldly and if getting roughfucked by Dream meant that maybe his back would hurt a little for a day or two, he would fucking cope.

“Dream, please,” George whined as he felt the blonde’s fingers trail through the cum that was making it’s way slowly down George’s thigh, his eyes rolling back and his dick twitching painfully as Dream dragged it back up to his hole and pushed the cum back inside with two fungers, “Fuck, *Dream!*”

The blonde chuckled lightly as he pulled back and searched the floor for something to clean up, finding a pack of tissues that seemed unopened. He used them to haphazardly clean up George’s thighs and ass before helping him stand up on shaky legs, pulling up his jeans and boxers on with a slowness that caused the pair to struggle with.

And then Dream saw his face, and if he hadn't already cum he would've been pushing George to the floor right that instant.

His hair was fucked, dark strands pushed in all different directions in a painfully lewd way and his eyes were wide and fucked out, dilated pupils and red waterlines. His cheeks were stained red with teartracks and his chin as slicked with slowly drying spit in a way that made Dream want to straight up fuck his throat.

"So..." Dream smirked as he pulled up his Adidas tracksuit bottoms and watched George attempt to smooth out his shirt and run a hand through his hair, "Breeding kink, huh?"

Geogre immediately flushed and laughed weakly, "Fuck off. You literally nutted in me when I called myself a cumslut. You were very clearly into it."

"Oh, I definitely was," The blonde chuckled, "Never spaffed that hard in my life."

"You know, for someone who is taking A-Level english lit, you have an awful vocabulary."

"Why do you think I took english lit and not english language?" Dream smiled as he took a deep breath.

"Touche," The brunette laughed as he stretched, feeling his back crack slightly with a sigh of relief, "Look, I'm gonna be honest, there is absolutely no chance im going to the rest of my classes today and I have a very free house so hypothetically you could drive me home and we could absolutely go for round two."

"Yeah," The blonde agreed, his voice already slightly breathless at the thought as George just laughed at him, "Sounds good."

So as they slipped out of the supply cupboard and quickly made their way out to the carpark while the blonde made fun of the way George was limping, Dream made a mental note to ask George to be his boyfriend.

He'd probably do it at some point between the second and third round.

Who knows?

End Notes

I'm so sorry PHAHHAHA

I love you all, leave kudos and a comment and I'll kiss your forehead

<3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!